

A

Pindarick O D E,  
 T O T H E  
 M E M O R Y  
 O F

Dr. William King.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

Rt. Hon. the Lady *Theodosia Hyde.*

---

*I sing the various Chances of the World,  
 Thro' which Men are by Fate and Fortune hurl'd.  
 'Tis by no Scheme or Method that I go,  
 But paint in Verse my Notions as they flow;  
 With Heat the wanton Images pursue,  
 Fond of the Old, yet still creating New;  
 Fancy my self in some secure Retreat,  
 Resolve to be content, and so be Great.*

Found in the Doctor's Pocket at his Death, and suppos'd to be writ during his last Sickness.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by H. Meere, and Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-hall.

[ Price Four Pence. ]

CC

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TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Dr. William King.

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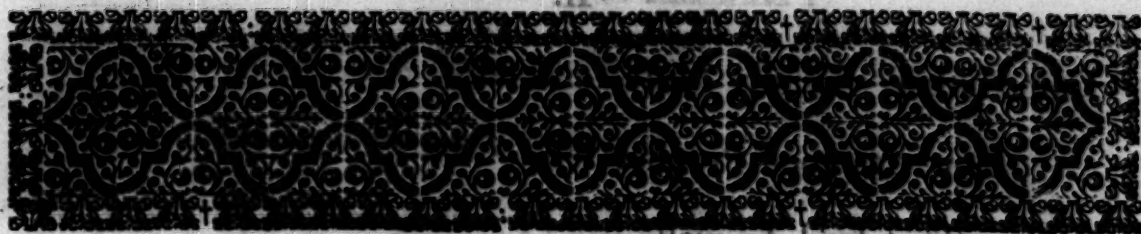


Re Hon. the Lord Bishop of Exeter

I sing the various Characters of the World  
The which I have seen and known  
To be no Scheme or Method that I go  
But paint in Verse my Notions as they flow  
With Heat the warm Images of Love  
Fond of the Old, yet still creating New  
Fame my self in Love I have begun  
Reserve to be content, and to be true  
Found in the World's Love as in the World  
was during his last Sickness

L O N D O N

Printed by W. B. and sold by J. B. in the Strand  
[Price 10s. 6d.]



# Pindarick Ode, &c.



Widow'd Friend invites a widow'd Mute

To tell the melancholy News,

And cloth herself with sable Weeds,

Such as will shew her Heart with Sorrow bleed;

With Grief she can't express,

But in soft moving Verse,

Which melts to Tears like that dark Light :

In which thou vanish'd from our Sight,

To mount the Regions of eternal Night.

For Heav'n, it seems, deny'd a longer Date,

Thy happy Course thou run,

Thy Bus'ness here was done,

And thou art set like the all-glorious Sun ;

Yet just before thy Death,

Thou rais'd thy tuneful Breath,

Like dying Swans at their approaching Fate.

Come hither, Excellent Man, and tell

How this good Prophet fell

That liv'd so well.

What sawcy Messenger durst strike the Blow

Of fatal Death,

And seize his Breath,  
Who always was in Readiness to go.

Could not thy Wit command

The Fugitive to stand,

Which others could forbid to die,

And bless their Names with Immortality?

Had'st thou but us'd thy Art,

Death would have dropt his Dart,

And wond'ring, stopt the Pressure of his leaden Hand.

Which melts to Tears like that Light :

Alas ! he's cold. Oh ! for a Grave

To bury the sad Tale,

For Tears will not prevail,

Where Wit and Humour Vertue could not save

Learning we boast in vain,

A Tomb is all we gain

For a Life spent in Study, and in Pain.

Wretched Mortality!

Could'st thou thyself but see,

II

Thou would hate Life, as we love thee.

Why

Why then so fond to live are vain Mankind ?

Why all those Joys pursue,

That seem to make Life new,

Because they can no greater Pleasures find ?

But thou, my Friend, did'st higher go,

Resolv'd sublimer Things to know,

Wing'd Heaven, and left us here below.

IV.

How should'st thou live in such an Age of Vice ?

The Phoenix only dwells in Paradise.

Earth was too narrow for thy Mind,

And thou to all its Flatt'ries blind.

Now in the Bowers of Bliss,

Thou strikes th' harmonious Lyre,

Where endless Pleasures reign,

And Peace and Piety remain

Amidst the blissful Chöre.

Thou do'st in all Perfections shine,

And adds fresh Lustre to the Courts divine ;

Whilst we lament thy too too early Fate ;

But greatest Blessings have the shortest Date

In mournful Poetry

Our last Efforts we'll try ;

Who best can write upon a Theme so great ?

B

V.

Why then to fond to live are vain Mankind ?  
 Like Warriors well appointed for the Fight,  
 Possess'd with gen'rous Rage,  
 Each Poet should engage;  
 Each strive who best could prove  
 His Duty or his Love;  
 Each freely pay his tributary Mite,  
 Well may we grieve, well may we mourn thy Loss,  
 From whom so many drew  
 Such Heliconian Dew,  
 From whose celestial Spring such Influence flows  
 Thy Wit did kindly give  
 Food by which others live;  
 For when thou sung, Mirth, Satire, every Face,  
 The savage Throng, Pleasures reigning now  
 Follow'd thy Song; mirth, Peace, and Piety remain;  
 Thus ravish'd and amaz'd,  
 They danc'd around in one harmonious Race,  
 And still with silent Rapture gaze;  
 While we lament thy too early Fate;  
 But greatest Blessings have the most transient  
 Since Sorrow comes too late  
 To hinder thine, or save another's Fate;  
 When Heav'n does a dejected Soul receive,  
 He seems to envy, that pretends to grieve.

Of what strange Atoms are we made,

That we of Death should be afraid?

That's but a still refreshing Dream.

Why should we dread to mix with Earth,

Our Parent Clay, that gave us Birth?

Or meet the Tyrant, who has lost his Sting,

The King of Terrors, then no more a King?

But we triumphant o'er the Grave and him.

VII.

The World, ungrateful, feldom does produce

A fruitful Harvest for a virtuous Mule,

If Piety appear

To crown the happy Year,

'Tis always with Indiff'rence heard

And with such cool Regard,

The gruding Soil just Nourishment denies,

And so the hopeful Plant too early dies.

Such Marks of Goodness feldom last,

But where they're rooted fast.

Religion here, and Duty easy grow,

Thy Loyalty no new-taught Doctrines knew,

But Principles from Education drew.

Every herself must stop ev'n here,

And close the false malicious Ear.

Thy Vertue's fled beyond her pois'nous Blast,  
 Which can no longer last;  
 Since Heav'n, from her peculiar Care,  
 Did for thy Fame prepare,  
 For fear the vicious World should spoil the Growth,  
 Have chang'd thy Vertue, or debas'd thy Worth.  
 But Pity 'twas that thou should'st die,  
 First-born of modest Poetry;  
 Pity thy Gaiety and Wit  
 Should only now for Worms be fit,  
 And mix'd with Nature's Rubbish, huddl'd lie.

**F I N I S.**

In a short Time will be publish'd, in

**P**ART of Dr. King's Remains, in one Volume in 8vo. and  
 as soon as his Papers can be inspected, the rest of his Works.  
 N. B. That Clarke's Praxis, Proposals whereof were printed in  
 the Doctor's Life-time, is entirely finish'd by himself, and ready for  
 the Press, so soon as Encouragement shall be given to it by Sub-  
 scriptions, of which the Publick shall have Notice in a little Time.